



### ON THE CHANNEL-BOAT.

OFF CALAIS, MAY, 1879—BY G. L. C.

"What! Fred, you here? I didn't see you come aboard at Dover. I met the Browns last week; they said that you were coming over, but didn't say how soon." "Oh yes, I came by the Britannic; and what a rush there was for berths! Twas almost like a panic. I'm mighty glad to meet you, Will; where are you going?"

"Paris." "Good! so am I. I've got to meet my cousin, Charley Harris, to-morrow. He and I have planned a little trip together through Switzerland on foot; I hope we'll have some decent weather."

"Take care there! hold your hat; it blows!"

"Yes; how this steamer tosses! I'm never seasick; Charley is, though, every time he crosses. Who's with you, Will?"

"I'm traveling with my sister and my mother; they're both below. I came on deck; it's close enough to smother down there. These chaps don't care a snap for ventilation, hang 'em!"

"Where do you stop in London? We were stopping at the Langham."

"You were? Why, so was I. But then I only got there Sunday at breakfast time, and went away."

"The afternoon of Monday; and yet within that short sojourn I lost my heart completely!"

"Such style! such eyes! such rosy cheeks! Such lips that smiled so sweetly!"

"I only saw her twice, and then—Don't laugh—twas at a distance; but, Will, my boy, I tell you what, in all my best existence I ne'er before set eyes upon a girl so real y splendid!"

"But, pshaw! I couldn't stay, and so my short-lived visions ended."

"I don't suppose she'll ever know how I, a stranger, love her."

"Who was she, Fred?"

"Ah! that's just it; I couldn't even discover her name, or anything at all about her. Broken-hearted, I saw it wasn't any use to try; so off I started and here I am, disconsolate."

"All for an unknown charmer! You're soft, my boy. Let's stroll about; the sea is growing calmer; or forward, if you like. The view may make your feelings rally."

"We're drawing near to France, in half an hour shall be at Calais, see! there's the town, and just this side the port with shipping in it; and there, beyond, you see the spires, and—"

"Here, Will, stop a minute. By jove! look there! that girl in gray, with red flowers in her bonnet! I do declare!—yes—it's she; I'd take my oath upon it."

"What luck! if I had only known! Look! here she comes!"

"Why, Fred, you fool! That girl in gray's my sister!"

### GEN. JOSEPH LANE.

An Autobiographical Sketch of the Veteran Soldier and Senator.

The following letter from Gen. Joseph Lane appears in the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*. It is dated at Rosenburg, Oregon, July 17, 1879, and is addressed to a lady friend and relative at Charlotte.

DEAR MADAM—Your letter of the 21st ult. has been received. I thank you for it, and would have answered ere this but for a press of business that could not be delayed.

I am the grandson of Jesse Lane, one of the three brothers mentioned in your letter, who lived where Raleigh now stands. The three brothers were born near where they lived away back in colonial times; were clever, intelligent, old-style gentlemen, and did good service in the war of the Revolution. My father, John Lane, entered the army while quite young, just in time to be in the battle of King's Mountain, and remained in the army until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He voted for George Washington the second term, North Carolina having adopted the constitution after his first election; he then voted for John Adams, first and only term, then for Jefferson, two terms, then for Madison, for Monroe, Jackson, etc.

My father and uncle, Charles Lane, settled in Buncombe in 1795, where they spent money, time and much labor in an effort to establish iron-works near where Asheville now stands, but failed to accomplish their object.

In 1798 my father, then about 40 years old, married my mother, Elizabeth Street. I am the second son, and was born in Buncombe, within four miles of Asheville, on the 14th of December, 1801. In 1804 my father left Buncombe for Henderson county, Ky., where I was raised. I married young, raised ten children—six sons and four daughters—all now living but one, a son who died of cholera in New Orleans, in December, 1848. The others are living in this state, all married but one, to-wit: Col. John Lane, a graduate of West Point, who resigned at the commencement of the late civil war, joined the Southern army, came out at the end of the war badly whipped, and returned to Oregon.

My life has been an eventful one. I was elected to the legislature of Indiana in 1838 from the counties of Vanderburgh and Warrick, where I had settled some years before, and continued to serve in the State legislature off and on until '46, when I resigned a seat in the Senate and entered the army then being organized for the war with Mexico; soon raised from the position of private to that of brigadier, and came out of service at the close of the war a major-general. My first battle, Buena Vista, was under Taylor, then transferred to Scott's line, and saw and helped to fight as many, if not more, battles than any officer of that war. Very soon after peace was made with Mexico I was appointed by Mr. Polk, then President, governor of Oregon territory and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. The trip to reach my post of duty had to be made across the plains

in the winter, afeat that had not before been accomplished. But I had at the request of Mr. Polk undertaken the journey, and with hurried preparations an escort of twenty men under Lieut. Hawks, left Fort Leavenworth on the 10th day of September, 1848, and after a hard struggle arrived at Oregon City on the 2d of March, 1849, and on that day issued a proclamation making known that the laws of the United States, by act of Congress, had been extended over the territory of Oregon; that I had been duly elected governor, had taken the oath of office and had entered upon the duties thereof. Well, I continued in office, attended to the interests of the good people, and also to the Indian affairs, brought the murderers of our people, Chief Tilokite and four of his braves, to trial and the gallows, had several fights with different tribes, came near being killed, was very badly wounded, placed relations on a good footing with all the tribes, and in 1851 was elected delegate to Congress; was four times elected delegate, and then elected one of Oregon's first United States Senators; retired from the Senate in 1861. In 1870, on the 16th of August, my good and beloved wife died. Since then lived alone on my ranch in the mountains, twelve miles from this place, until now. I have just finished a neat little home, where I think I shall spend my days unto the end. I am in a quiet part of our town near some of my children, with whom I shall take my meals, and still live alone in my pleasant little home. My son Lafayette, who represented this state in the Forty-fourth Congress, lives near my house; he is the youngest of my ten children, a good lawyer and kind son.

And now, returning to the old family: I visited in 1860, North Carolina, and my father's birth-place, the old home of my grandfather, four miles from Raleigh. In Raleigh I visited the house in which Joel Lane lived at the time he deeded as a present to the state 640 acres of land, on which the city now stands; called at the state-house, where the records are kept, to look at the deed of conveyance; saw many relatives, and spent several days with my cousin, David L. Swain, at Chapel Hill, and learned much about our family, and intended to visit Buncombe, but did not. Had I carried out my programme I might have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you.

Of my grandfather's family there were eight sons and eight daughters. My aunts married gentlemen named respectively as follows: Rhoda was married to Rakestraw, Patience to John Hart, Rebecca to Lucky, Sally and Polly to brothers named Kilpatrick, Winnifred to Rogers, Elizabeth to Parson Montgomery, and your grandmother, Carrie, married David Lowrie. My father and Uncle John Hart, Matt Barber and one other gentleman, whose name I forgot, and Uncle Lowry, were in pursuit of Indians who had been stealing and robbing the outside settlers, and all five were good Indian fighters—venturing too far were attacked by a large party of warriors, Barber, Lowry and the other, after hard fighting, were killed; my father and Hart made good their escape. Sometimes after Aunt Carrie married Swain, whose son, David L. Swain, I had corresponded with for many years before I made his acquaintance at Chapel Hill, as above mentioned. All the eight sisters were noble, good and true women. Often saw your grandmother, but was too young to remember her. Gov. Swain often spoke of her with much love and respect, and esteemed her one of the best mothers and most lovable of women.

The eight sons of my grandfather were named as follows: Charles, Joel, Jonathan, Simon, John, Richard, Joseph and Jessie. Gov. Colquitt of Georgia is the son of the daughter of my uncle Jo. Lane. I met him in Mexico and served with him in Congress. My grandfather moved from Georgia to Illinois when he was 84 years of age, and killed many buffaloes in that then new and uninhabited country. He died at 88. I know but little of the whereabouts of many of my cousins. They are scattered over the Southern States.

### HAIR OF THE PRESIDENTS.

An Interesting Collection in the Patent Office at Washington.

In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the Government and those who administered its affairs in time gone by. While examining some of those objects of curiosity nothing struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair, taken from the heads of Chief Magistrates, from Washington down to Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse and a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any mixture. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and a yellowish-gray in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has

thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case.

But there is no hair either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, or Grant, for the inspection of futurity.

Irenaeus, Eve and the Virgin Mary. British Quarterly Review.

In regard to the interpretation of the Old Testament, it must be admitted that, in accordance with the custom of his times, Irenaeus gave the reins to his imagination, indulging in the most unconstrained observation of analogies to Christian doctrines. And for this he adds the authority of the ancient presbyter he so often quotes. From him I have learned not to reproach the patriarchs and prophets with those sins for which the Scriptures reprove them, for they were remitted by the advent of Christ, while in regard to those which the Scriptures only mention, but do not blame, we should not impute sin, but seek a type, for none of these are idly told, or without some spiritual significance. The wonder is that when his adversaries sought to establish their views by arbitrary allegorical interpretations, he did not see that in indulging himself in such interpretations, which were also arbitrary, he was not helping rather than opposing them. To one of his analogies we shall advert particularly, as has been recently supposed to present something foreshadowing the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. We mean the analogy between the circumstances of Eve's temptation and cum annunciation of the Virgin Mary. Irenaeus was not singular in his day in observing this analogy, which is in some respects so oblivious, that it is at all times noticed even by those who have failed to perceive any special doctrinal significance in it. We shall translate the words of Irenaeus as nearly as we can from the edition of the *Jesus Feuardent*:

"When the Lord was coming to his own, His own creature bearing Him which was borne by Himself, and was making a recapitulation of that disobedience, which was in respect to a tree by that obedience which was on the tree, that seduction being undone by which the Virgin Eve, already destined to a husband, was ill-seduced, the Virgin Mary, already betrothed to a husband, was well evangelized through the truth by an angel. For as the one was seduced by the discourse of an angel, that she might get rid of God, going contrary to his word so the other, by the discourse of an angel was evangelized, that she might bear God, being obedient to his word. And as the one was seduced that she might get rid of God, so the other was persuaded to obey God of the Virgin Eve the Virgin Mary might become the advocate, (no doubt, parakeet, counselor, is meant,) and as the human race was bound to death by means of a virgin, so by means of a virgin it might be loosed, virginial disobedience being balanced an even scale by virginial obedience.

For the sin heretofore of the first created was receiving emendation by the chastisement of the first begotten, the wisdom of the serpent being vanquished in the simplicity of the dove, while the bonds were loosed by which we were bound to death." The same analogy is drawn out less concisely in iii.33. There are, however, a few differences. The assumption that Eve was a virgin at the time of the fall is there justified by another pure assumption, that the newly-forced couple were yet immature. The Virgin Mary, by her obedience, became a cause of salvation, as Eve, by disobedience, became a cause of death. The obedience, however, is represented as a consequence of predestination, which has a clang of Calvinism about it which seems strange in so great an advocate of free will as our author was. God predestinated the animal man first, to wit, that he might be saved by the spiritual man. As the Saviour pre-existed, it behoved that what might be saved should be created, that the word Saviour should not be void of meaning. Consequently the Virgin Mary is found obedient, saying, "Be it unto me according to my word." This seems to negative the idea of any merit on her part. If she is said to have loosed through faith what Eve had bound through unbelief, the way in which the untying of the knot is explained implies that Mary was herself entangled in the knot in a manner quite inconsistent with the notion in reference to which the analogy is relied on. The recircling back of Mary upon Eve is fancifully illustrated by the loosing of what is tied into a knot. This can only be effected by the turning back of one of the fastenings into another, whereby there is a loosening of the knotted cords. Mary must therefore have been herself entangled in the knot untied by her being turned back upon Eve.

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## 100 YEARS AGO.

[From Bryant's Centennial Poem at Cumington.]

A century since, unbroken wood  
O'er all these hills and valleys stood,  
Save here and there a sunny spot,  
Where the first settler's hands had made  
An opening in the boundless shade,  
And reared his solitary cot,  
Soon changed the scene; soon opened wide  
Green pastures on the mountain side;  
Where the fierce panther, wolf and bear,  
Through countless years had kept their lair,  
Sleek herds of deer and flocks of sheep  
Cropped the fresh herbage of the steep,  
And tasseled maize and wheat and rye  
Grew rank beneath the kindly sky,  
Where once slow creeping glacier's passed  
Resistless o'er a frozen waste,  
Deep-rooted in the virgin mould,  
The dower of centuries untold,  
Broad orchards clothed in radiant bloom,  
Filled the wide air with rich perfume.  
And when the genial Autumn came,  
And maple boughs were red like flame,  
And all the glories of the wood,  
In robes of princely beauty stood,  
Earth's plenteous fruits were gathered in,  
With grateful hearts and joyous din.  
Ah, what intrepid souls were they,  
Who cleared those trackless woods away!  
What tireless sinews, bone and brawn,  
That smote the trees from early dawn  
Till day's last rays were gone!  
No whining eight-hour men were they,  
Who feared the chill of early day;  
They kept the pinch of want away  
With industry and watchful care,  
Till these had brought them generous fare.  
Else had those mighty forest trees  
Still stood to buffet storm and breeze.

Ah, those were jolly roystering days,  
When strong men piled the logs on high,  
And bellow's smoke and towering blaze  
Shone grandly on the evening sky;  
And jibes went round and merry jest,  
As the swart laborers took their rest  
At luncheon in some shady nook  
Hard by a fountain or a brook,  
And where, within an eddying pool,  
Brown net was laid to keep her cool.  
And when 'round the cabin door,  
They gathered at the twilight hour,  
What wonderous tales those woodmen told,  
Of fights with bears and panthers bold,  
All in strain of reckless glee,  
Well garnished with hyperbole;  
Each one the hero of his story,  
Self-crowned with daring deeds and glory  
On holidays the boys and men  
Had games and sports athletic then;  
Our wrestlers did not fear to meet,  
Our neighboring towns then picked athlete,  
And, by superb strength and knock,  
Oft had the champion on his back.  
Our youth were agile, lithe and tall,  
Could catch with skill the flying ball,  
And clear the circle round, as fleet  
Almost, as will deer's nimble feet;  
Then, when the seventh day's setting sun  
Told that the long week's toil was done,  
Hushed in deep stillness was the hour,  
As if some overruling power  
Had sent through all the waiting land,  
A stern and absolute command,  
That worldly boil and noise should cease,  
And man and beast find rest and peace.  
And when the first day's morning rose  
The solemn silence and repose  
Still brooded on till day's close.  
The law of stern opinion then  
He'd in firm grasp the ways of men,  
It kept in check the restless boys  
Who Sunday's end for play and noise,  
And keenly left the close restraint,  
But red in't to make complaint.  
A lad once, bold than the rest,  
Till to his mother he then confessed:  
"You know last day, well that is one day  
That is all no lad had is Sunday?"  
For Sunday's the one day where  
We're days of wear and fear,  
Yet those old sites were of the stock  
That led upon Plymouth Rock,  
Who deep and broad foundations laid,  
And planted here the tree, whose shade  
Sheltered a people free,  
That glorious tree of liberty,  
Whose branches stretch from sea to sea.

Those were not days of lace and silk,  
Of silver spoons and dainties rare,  
But homespun clothes, brown bread and  
milk,

In pewter dish and wooden ware;  
And pork and beans for Sunday fare;  
Bean porridge hot, bean porridge,  
E'en sometimes more than nine days old.

Waited the tiller of the soil  
Returning from his daily toil.

Such were the dwellings of that day,  
Log cabins daubed with moistened clay.

The ant's roly poly a chink,

Through which the stars are seen to blink,  
And whence, in winter storms, the snow

Was silted on the floor below,

The broad, deep lace, rough and rude,

Was piled with logs of maple wood.

When the keen frosts of winter came;

Slow clinked at first the smoke wreath's blue,

Then, bursting into tongue of flame

Went roaring up the chimney blue,

And, through long, drear Winter night,

Cheer the dull hours with warmth and light,

Round their proud mothers fan to see,

Like saplings 'neath a sheltering tree,

Stood ruddy children, nine or ten,

Soon to be maidens, dairies and men,

Examples worthy of all praise,

But rarely followed in these days.

And shall the race of Saxon blood,

That hardy, bold and stony withstood,

And tamed the wilfulness, now meet

Away before the advancing Celt?

These he'd, subdued by hands so free,

Pay tribute to the Roman See?

Kind heaven forbid that this should be.

## In Love, with a Car Driver.

Journeys end in lovers meeting  
Every wise man's son doth know.

At least so says the wisest of all wise  
men's sons, and who can dispute his  
word in a question of love? Certainly it  
is not for the modest reporter describing  
the courtship and marriage of a New York  
belle and a Sixth avenue horse-driver  
to deny the ex-orthodox utterances of Avon's  
bard. Nor is there anything in the circumstances  
of the following story to warrant  
an appeal from his decision. It begins  
with a journey in a Sixth avenue horse-car,  
which led to Miss Clarence Treadwell  
meeting her fate in the glances of Denis  
McQuinn. It continues with his journey to  
his inamorata's house, her journey to the  
dwelling of a rival, and the post-nuptial  
journey of Clarence and her husband to  
Philadelphia. The last journey was the return  
of the newly-wedded couple from  
Philadelphia to a Seventh avenue tenement-house,  
there they are likely to remain  
for some time to come unless a railroad  
tie or the west changes the plans.

It was in the early fall of last year,  
while yet the weather was so balmy and  
pleasant, and the doors of the street-car  
were kept continually open, that Miss  
Treadwell, who only the previous summer  
had graduated from one of the most  
fashionable ladies' seminaries, and a few  
weeks thereafter made quite a furor as  
the bridesmaid of a lady friend, was  
bewitched by the brilliant eyes of Denis

McQuinn. Seated in the centre of the  
car she first felt their influence, and moving  
toward the front door she sat down  
by the open window, where she could  
command a better view of her charmer.  
But no good driver turns around at hazard.  
Attention must be paid to his horses, and Denis was a model driver. So  
for blocks and blocks his victim rode on,  
remaining quietly seated until at last a  
mere incident, the calling of the conductor,  
caused him to turn. Then his eyes  
again met those of the passenger, whose  
first impression was confirmed. Her second  
view of the fellow's lustrious orbs  
only increased her secret longing to know  
more of their possessor.

Any one who saw the young lady at  
the moment McQuinn, unawares that he  
had become an object of close scrutiny  
once more fixed his glance immovably on  
his horses, might have seen her pull out of  
her pocket-book a tiny silver-headed pencil,  
and, glancing furtively around, as if  
afraid that some one was watching her,  
put down the number of the car in a small  
memorandum book. Then, satisfied that  
all was right, and the front door being  
happily open, she lightly tapped the driver  
on the shoulder and asked him to stop at  
the next corner. Once more she  
had a chance to look into those eyes that  
had enthralled her heart. And leaving  
the car by the front platform, she did not  
fail to scan them for the last time as  
Denis started the horses on again.

The conflicting emotions that racked  
that bright young soul the night following  
this eventful meeting may not be described  
by reporter pen. Miss Treadwell, well, be it remembered, was not of the  
giddy class of young women who love  
to flirt for flirtation's sake. Neither was  
she an ignorant, untutored maiden, in  
capable of measuring the consequences  
that might follow her infatuation. She  
knew full well that her sisters and her  
cousins and her aunts, to say nothing of  
her uncles and other relatives and friends  
would discard her at the first intimation  
that she meditated a union that would  
lower her social standing. But still those  
fatal eyes haunted her before and during  
the hours of sleep, and reappeared with  
all their original power even when the  
bright sunlight of the morning streamed  
into her handsomely furnished room.  
There was no happiness for her without  
the actual presence of those bewitching  
eyes. Her resolve was soon taken. She  
would take daily rides on that identical  
car. Indeed had she not taken the number  
for that purpose on the previous day?  
And so she hurried forth, walking for a  
long time up and down Sixth avenue,  
waiting the arrival of the car. But Denis  
was discovered before the number could  
be seen. He stopped and she entered,  
accidentally of course, by the front platform.  
The driver seemed to recognize her,  
but maintained his stolid indifference.  
On she rode, way down to Vesey  
street terminus, and then, paying the con-  
ductor a second fare, she said she had  
made a mistake and intended to stop  
some where along the avenue.

Watching her opportunity, the front  
door being still open, and while the con-  
ductor was talking to some one on the  
rear platform, she approached the driver  
and, to the latter's astonishment, told him  
that she wanted to see him at her home.  
The poor fellow, utterly nonplussed at being  
addressed by a handsome lady and  
requested to call upon her at her house,  
did not know what to think. But handing  
her a slip of paper on which her  
name and address were written in full,  
she said: "Now, don't forget; I must  
see you this afternoon."

Arriving at the depot, Denis pleaded  
ill-health and asked to be replaced till  
morning by another driver—a request  
readily granted by the starter. Wondering  
what a lady residing with her parents  
in a prominent up-town hotel could  
want of him, McQuinn put on his best  
suit and soon reached the proper address.  
The young lady was waiting for him.  
Indeed, time was precious, as the hour  
for papa's returning from business was  
rapidly approaching. Her story was  
soon told to the bewildered driver. She  
wanted to marry him and bask in the  
sunshine of his eyes, which were almost  
divine to her. His objection, however,  
was not so easily disposed of.

"I am already engaged to a young wo-  
man employed in a west side hotel," he  
said.

"Do you love her?" was the rejoinder  
and the hesitating driver was captured  
before he could say another word. "I'll  
see her and make her give up the engage-  
ment," as Miss Treadwell's ready solution  
of this difficulty.

It was not so easy accomplishment as  
Miss Treadwell imagined, and as the sequel  
will show. Obtaining the young  
woman's address she dismissed the ob-  
ject of her love, first, as a matter of course,  
arranging to meet him again. A note  
was quickly dispatched to the hotel where  
the finances were employed, and the latter,  
not knowing what the nature of the busi-  
ness could be, presented herself at Miss  
Treadwell's domicile the next morning.  
Without further ado the latter untold  
her plans, saying that she was determined  
to marry the Sixth avenue horse-car  
driver.

"But you never said all," exclaimed Mar-  
garet, in a rage; "you ought to be  
ashamed of yourself to try to take him  
from me."

Words can hardly describe the scene  
of passion and pleading that followed,  
and the first interview ended any way but  
satisfactorily to Miss Treadwell. Days  
and weeks elapsed when, at last, with the  
aid of Denis McQuinn himself, she endeavored  
to pacify the enraged Margaret. But all to no purpose, until at last he  
himself settled the question by renouncing  
her and giving his hand and heart to  
the new love.

All this, to Margaret's credit be it said,  
was kept a secret from the Treadwell  
family, and it was only after the driver  
and his young bride had re-  
acted Philadelphia.

delphia that the word was sent to the  
distressed parents.

A car driver's funds are never very  
large, and the honeymoon was not very  
protracted. The young man's presence  
among the young lady's acquaintances  
shortly after, was for the purpose of re-  
conciling the old folks to their daughter's  
match, and his good looks, it is said, have  
done much toward accomplishing that end.  
Still peace has not been fully re-  
established in the Treadwell family circle,  
and, while efforts are progressing toward  
reaching this result, the driver's bride  
occupies the second floor of a Seventh  
avenue tenement house, and there daily  
waits for those small hours when the  
driver's attention may be diverted from  
his business to his wife.

## Under The Crust.

The reporter was passing down North  
Commercial street, last evening, looking  
out, as usual, for bits of news. Across  
the street, sitting on the edge of the sidewalk,  
with tattered dress, bare head and  
shoeless feet, was a little girl about nine  
years old, crying as though her heart  
would break if the bitter tears did not  
overflow. Attracted by anything unusual,  
the reporter paused a moment, in doubt  
whether to go to her or not. But in that  
brief lapse of time entered another man  
upon the stage, and his coming, as it  
proved, rendered the scene all the more  
complete. His face, eyes, garments, be-  
tween the drunkard—one who thirsted  
after drink, and whose lips were always  
parched. Rough looking though he was,  
a close observer might detect a some-  
thing that bore a faint resemblance to  
the man he used to be. Staggering along,  
scarcely able to keep on the walk,  
he approached the spot where sat the  
child. His dull eyes caught the sound of  
sobs, his footsteps were arrested, and fixing  
his eyes on the still weeping girl, he  
reeled toward her side, bent over her, and  
with thick tongue asked why she wept.  
The reporter stood near, and watched the  
contact of these two wretched beings  
with no little interest. In answer to that  
rough man's inquiry the child replied  
that her mother had driven her out of  
home—had followed her with curses and  
blows out of the only door that had ever  
opened to her, and that she was afraid to  
go back.

"Have you a father?" he asked.

"No, sir; but, oh! I wished papa was  
here; he was so good and kind!"

"When did he die?"

"A good while ago, sir; and mother  
says he died a drunkard; but he was always  
kind to me, and I loved him."

What was there in that child's voice  
that moved this man to soberness?  
He sat down at her side, put around her his great strong arm, pressed  
her pinched face to his breast, and who  
can tell what he thought or what he suffered  
as the scalding tears burst from  
his eyes and rolled down his bloated  
cheeks? He treated that feeble girl with  
all tenderness, he reeled no more; her  
story had restored the man within him.  
His home was on the Burlington, Cedar  
Rapids and Northern railway. He was a  
farmer, but his love for liquor had ruined  
his body, absorbed his property, and his  
own wife and little ones were to-day in as  
desolate circumstances as the child he sat beside.

"Died a Drunkard!" Who can tell  
with what a saving weight those fell upon  
his ears, or how far that poor wain's  
influence is gone toward his redemption!  
He took the child across the street to a  
bakery, and saw that she was fed. He  
gave her some pieces of silver for future  
use and then was seen to recross the street  
and go with the girl toward her home.  
The reporter was willing to grant that  
with such a mediator, reconciliation  
would surely follow, and, more than this,  
he felt sure that that the angel in that  
man was so much larger and naturally  
stronger than the evil one, that some ho-  
ly influences would yet combine to save  
him. Nobility of heart and soul belongs  
to God, wherever it may be found; and it  
is frequently discovered just under the  
crust.

## How the Women Were Saved at Beaufort.

A Beaufort (N. C.) correspondent of  
the New York *Herald* furnishes an ac-  
count of the saving of the female guests  
of the Atlantic Hotel, in that town, which  
was entirely destroyed by the recent great  
storm. At five o'clock in the morning  
the guests commenced to leave the  
doomed building, and at that time the bridge  
connecting the hotel with the bil-  
lard-room was a wreck, the waves beat-  
ing from two to three feet above the walk.  
The male guests, with the help of the  
good citizens of the town, secured the  
walk with ropes and commenced to save the  
women. The first woman to be carried  
out was Miss Gales, of Raleigh, N. C.,  
daughter of the late Seaton Gales, about  
thirteen years old. Two gentlemen would  
take charge of a lady, and together they  
ould—under the most perilous circum-  
stances, the wind blowing a gale and the  
waves dashing with the utmost fury  
against them—make their way to the bil-  
lard-saloon, and then the ladies would  
go through to be received at the northern  
door by two more gentlemen, who were  
up to their wrists in water, and thence  
they would be taken to terra firma. Near-  
ly three-fourths of the guests were either  
ladies or children. The children were  
nearly all saved by a colored boatman  
named James Davis, and Jim tells with  
great gusto that Governor Jarvis has  
promised that he shall never go to Peni-  
tentiary as long as he is Governor. There  
is not a relic of the building left, except  
the remains of one chimney, and that is  
not three feet above the ground.

Eve always enlists the sympathy of the  
gentler sex, whenever they reflect that before  
marriage she never had a chance to play  
off another fellow against Adam.

## BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. S. M. S.

### MERCHANTS BANK OF BISMARCK

WALTER MANN, Pres't. W. H. MERRILL, Vice Pres't.  
Geo. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier.  
Correspondents—American Exchange National  
Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

### BANK OF BISMARCK.

J. W. RAYMOND, Pres't. W. B. BILL, Cash.  
A general banking business transacted. Interest  
allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly  
attended to.

Geo. P. FLANNERY,  
(City Attorney.)

J. H. WETHERBY.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys.

West Main Street.

PRESTON & WILLIAMS—(D. O. Preston, E.  
A. Williams.) Main Street.

DAVIN STEWART—Attorney at Law

7th

JOHN A. STOYELL, Attorney at Law

Fourth Street.

JOHN E. CARLAND, Attorney at Law, and  
County Attorney.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

And U. S. Examining Surgeon.

Office at Dunn's Drug Store.

Residence at Custer Hotel.

DOCTOR H. R. PORTER.

Office next to the Tribune Building.

# The Bismarck Tribune.

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.50  
" Six Months, 1.50  
" Three Months, .75  
  
**ADVERTISING RATES:**  
Transcript—Display, One inch, one time \$1;  
Subsequent insertions, 50 cents; additional lines,  
10 cents each, at same rate.  
Legal Notices—Seventy-five cents per folio for  
first insertion and fifty cents per folio for each  
subsequent insertion.  
Contract Rates—One inch, three months, \$5;  
Subsequent three months, \$10; 5 inches, \$15; 10  
inches, \$25; 20 inches, \$50.  
Professional cards, four lines or less, per an-  
num, \$10; additional lines, \$2.50.  
Local business notices, 10 cents per line each  
insertion.  
Original poetry, \$1 per line.  
All bills for Advertising will be collected  
monthly.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

### MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month at 7 p.m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. JOSEPH HARE, W. M. GEMER N COREY, Sec.

### I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12, I. O. O. F., are held in Raymond's Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. W. A. BENTLEY, N. G. S. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. rector. Services at the brick school house every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school after morning service. All are cordially invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Saturday at the City Hall at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School immediately after the morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. GEO. W. BARRETT, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second Sts., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Preaching Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free.

### Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily. Sun days excepted at 7:45 a.m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:45 a.m.

Leaves for Fort St. Véron, Berthold, and Bismarck every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 p.m.; arriving every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8:30 p.m.

Leave for Fort St. Véron, and Berthold and Bismarck every Sunday at 6 a.m.; arriving at Bismarck at 8:30 p.m.

Leave for Fort St. Véron, and other points in the Bismarck daily at 4 p.m.

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**C. S. WEAVER & CO.,**

12 S. THIRD ST., BISMARCK, D. T.

**WHOLESALE BUILDING MATERIAL,**

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**CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,**

COMMON LUMBER,  
CLEAR LUMBER,  
FENCING,  
STOCK BOARDS,  
SIDING,  
FLOORING,  
BATTINS  
SHINGLE,  
LATH,  
PICKETS,  
DOORS,  
WINDOWS

BUILDING PAPER,  
MOULDINGS,  
NAILS,  
AT WHOLESALE ONLY.  
WHITE LEAD and OIL.  
LIME.  
MARBLE HEAD LIME. IT MAKES ONE THIRD  
MORE PUTTY THAN ANY OTHER KNOWN  
LIME. IT HAS NO WASTE. SOLD IN ANY  
QUANTITY AT OUR WAREHOUSE IN BIS-  
MARCK, AND IN CAR LOTS ON TRACK AT  
DULUTH.  
CALCINED PLASTER,  
HAIR and CEMENT.

Our Goods and Work of the Best and prices Right

**PAINT.**

MADE FROM STRICTLY PURE WHITE LEAD  
AND ZINC AND PURE LINSEED OIL. WE  
GUARANTEE IT TO WEAR LONGER THAN  
ANY PAINTERS' MIXTURE OF WHITE LEAD  
AND OIL; TO COVER TWENTY PER CENT  
MORE SURFACE WITH EQUAL BODY, BE-  
CAUSE FINER GROUND AND BETTER MIXED;  
NOT TO CHALK, RUB OFF, CRACK, PEEL, OR  
BLISTER, NOR DRY DOWN OR GROW FATTY  
LIKE ORDINARY LEAD AND OIL PAINT; TO  
DO ANY AND ALL WORK ON ANY BUILDING  
MATERIAL THAT CAN BE DONE WITH ANY  
PAINTERS' MIXTURE OF WHITE LEAD AND  
OIL. ONE GALLON WILL COVER 200  
SQUARE FEET, TWO COATS.

We supply everything wanted for building purposes. We buy for cash at the bottom of the market. Our stock is always large and well assorted. We give personal and careful attention to all orders. Furnish plans and estimates.

**FALL OPENING,**

DAILY ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS

AT

**DAN EISENBERG'S**

Just Received an Elegant Line of

Flannels, Ladies' Cloth, Repellants

AND

**Fall Dress Goods, Etc.**

**J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,**

**WHOLESALE**

**GROCERS,**

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**MRS. LINN,**

FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.

26 North Third Street. Bismarck, D. T.

STEAMBOAT CO. NO. 1.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.

**Coulson Line**

S. B. COULSON D. W. MARATTA,  
Gen'l Manager Gen'l Super't.  
Plying between Bismarck, and Fort Benton, and  
all points on the Yellowstone. The only  
line carrying the U. S. Government  
Frigates.

Comprising the following first class steamers,  
built expressly for the Missouri river and  
in charge of careful and experi-

enced officers

**Montana, Buesen, Master.**  
**ROSE BUD, Todd, "**  
**BIG HORN, Gould, "**  
**DIOTAH, Todd, "**  
**KEY WEST, Maratta, "**  
**JOSEPHINE, Anderson, "**  
**FAIR WEST, Coulson, "**  
**WESTERN, Bryan, "**  
**BLACK HILLS, Burleigh,**

Connecting at Bismarck with trains for St.  
Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern  
Stage Company's coaches for all points in the  
Black Hills.

For information, rates, etc., apply at the company's office or on  
board steamer.

**D. W. MARATTA,**  
General Superintendent.

**INSURANCE!!**

**LIFE & FIRE!**

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.,  
OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL

Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,

REPRESENTED BY

**GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.**

Bismarck, D. T. March 14, 1881.

A CATARRH

Will be packed with INSUR-  
E PLATOR all complete for \$1.50.  
Address, DR. C. E. SKER, 159 E.  
Main Street, Bismarck, D. T. This  
is a new and safe remedy, as  
it has been tested and found  
to be effective in all cases of  
catarrh, and has been used  
by many years ago. Thousands  
have been cured since. If afraid of  
being humbugged, name this pa-  
per, and send ten cents to pay  
for the medicine, and you will  
have full information, testimonials, etc.  
You will never regret it.

**AUSTIN LOGAN.**

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and

**BAKERY.**

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest

goods at the lowest prices.

**COAL**

**COAL**

**J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,**

Are Agents For The

**Northwestern Fuel Company**

**Nut Coal,**

**Stove Coal,**

**Blacksmith Coal.**

Send in your Orders Early for your Fall and

**WINTER SUPPLY.**

Cliff Bros. & Clark,

House, Sign, Carriage and Orna-  
mental

**PAINTERS.**

GRAINING, MARBLING

AND

**WALL DECORATING.**

Mixed Paints always on Hand.

Off. Shop on 6th Street near Main

THOMAS VAN ETTEIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

Wm. Glitschka,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,

Candy, Fruit,

Crockery Glass Ware,

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office.

**Day & Plants,**

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of

**SEWING MACHINES.**

## FULFILLMENT.

Sometimes, I think, the things we see  
Are shadows of the things to be;  
That what we plan, we build:

That every hope that hath been crossed,  
And every dream we thought was lost,  
In Heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain  
Have not been born and died in vain,  
Though here unclothed and dumb;

But on some brighter, better shore  
They live, embodied evermore,  
And wait for us to come.

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"I declare," said Lydia Collins, who had taken up the morning paper, "Sidney West has come home." She seemed to be deeply moved, and various were the shades that chased each other over her fair face.

"And has Frank come with him?" asked Nellie, with an eager look and tone.

"I don't know anything about Frank," returned Lydia, with a toss of the head that had some contempt in it. "Only the names of those who have brought home money with them are printed. You can look for yourself."

Nellie took the paper, and saw that Sidney T. West had brought home eighty thousand dollars. Below she saw a list of passengers, and in it she found the name of Frank West; but there was no mention made of his having brought home any money.

"Frank has come," she cried, in glad tones.

"Well, suppose he has? Of course you do not mean to renew the old intimacy."

"I should like to see him, at all events," replied Nellie, and then she went on reading the paper.

Lydia and Nellie Collins were sisters; the former being twenty-eight years of age, and the latter six years younger. Their father, who had been at one time quite a flourishing merchant, had been dead a number of years, and the sisters lived with their mother in a fine house and in a fashionable part of the city. Mrs. Collins was naturally a good woman; but fashion had turned her head somewhat, and she thought more of having her daughters move in select circles than she did of surrounding them with healthful influences. But there was a vast difference between the dispositions of these two daughters. Nellie had been her father's pet, and had drawn from him a fund of sound sense and reason which her sister had failed to obtain, and which did not leave her when her father was taken away. There was a deep current of humanity—of natural, grateful love—underlying her whole nature, and even her scheming, fashionable sister respected her for it, though she probably had no real conception of why this respect was called forth.

It was generally supposed that Mrs. Collins was wealthy. She owned the house in which she lived and it was known that her husband had left her considerable money.

Sidney and Frank West were cousins, and had once been clerks in the employ of Mr. Collins. Three years previous to the opening of our story they went to California to seek their fortunes, and had now returned, as we have seen.

One evening as Mrs. Collins and her two daughters were alone, Sidney and Frank were announced. They were cheerfully admitted, and warmly welcomed. Sidney was a tall, dashing fellow, five and thirty years of age, dressed in the height of fashion, and flashing with costly jewelry. His cousin was some years younger, and dressed very plainly. Frank was by far the most intelligent, though he lacked "style." In fact, he was rather common-place in his manners and conversation, depending more upon the substance of what he did and said than upon the show he could make. But Sidney blazed and flashed a ray like a pyrotechnic battery, and he was not long in enrapturing Lydia and her mother. Frank and Nellie finally drew together upon one of the *sete-lets*, and there enjoyed a conversation by themselves.

"I must secure that man," said Lydia, after the visitors had gone.

"What?" returned her sister with some surprise, "do you mean Sidney West?"

"Indeed I do."

"You cannot do such a thing, Lydia. Are you not engaged to Charles Adams?"

"No—indeed I am not."

"But you have given him every encouragement."

"I may have done so while he was the best match that offered," returned Lydia, with a toss of her head. "But I have been very guarded in my conversation with him. I have made him no promises."

"But," pursued Nellie with a troubled look, "you have given him every encouragement, and I know that he loves you and think you mean to be his wife."

"And do you think I would give my hand to a poor clerk, when such a prize as this is within my grasp?" said Lydia, with much warmth.

"You should not call Charles Adams a poor clerk," said Nellie, reproachfully. "He has a salary of two thousand dollars a year and will soon go into business on his own account. You know he has confided to you a statement of all his pecuniary plans and prospects."

"Yes—he has," retorted the elder sister; and if he ever succeeds in business, it must be some years first, during which time his wife must be helping him save. No, no—none of that for me, while a husband is within my grasp who is already rich."

"I think," spoke Mrs. Collins, at this point "that Sidney West offers a very desirable match. I think he loves Lydia, and would make her a very good husband."

"I know he used to love me," said Lydia.

"But you returned his love by treating him very coldly," suggested Nellie.

"That was when he was only a poor clerk," returned the proud beauty; "but now that he has returned with the golden fleece of Phryxus, he is quite a different person."

"He will make a very eligible match, pronounced the mother, with much decision. She spoke as though she had made up her mind, and wished to hear no more argument on the point.

"And now let me ask you a question," said Lydia, turning to her sister. "You probably remember that Mr. Frank West used to have a particular regard for you, and I should judge from the clumsy manner in which he deported himself this evening, that he not only had the same regard now, but that he had some hopes of succeeding in his suit."

"Well," returned Nellie, very quietly. "Would you give him your hand?"

"Perhaps so—if he should ask me for it."

"You would, my child?" interposed Mrs. Collins.

"I should," was Nellie's answer. "That is, she added, "if I found him to be what I think he is."

"But, my daughter," resumed the mother, with some show of concern, "you should reflect upon this. I had hoped that you would give your hand to Edwin Lofton. You know he is wealthy and is very anxious to gain you for a wife while this Frank West is probably poor, and not calculated to rise in the world."

"How do you know he is poor, mother?"

"I learned to-day that only one of the cousins brought home money. Sidney has been shrewdly speculating, and counting gold, while the other was drudging, as he will probably continue to do."

"Well, mother," replied Nellie, after thinking for a moment, "I shall be governed in this by my own sense of what is right and proper. I know that my father always loved Frank, and had much confidence in him, and I will not deny that I love him, even now. With regard to Mr. Lofton, I should never have a husband if he were my only choice. He may be wealthy, but his character is not good. If Frank is poor, I know he is industrious and persevering, and the few thousand dollars which my father left for me will enable him to start well in some moderate business."

Mrs. Collins changed color, and seemed to be startled by what her daughter had said; but she soon managed to compose herself, though she did not resume the conversation.

"Indeed, I did not do any such thing. He has money enough of his own. Did you tell Frank?"

"Of course I did."

"Mercy on me—what a paragon you have become!"

Nellie turned away, sad and sorrowful, for she feared that evil would come of all this.

"But you told Sidney that you had no money?"

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"Why, it leaves me penniless," returned Nellie.

"So much the better," cried the youth, seizing the fair girl by the hand, "for now I can claim you on the ground of love alone. I have already made arrangements for going into business, and I am sure of income enough to support us comfortably. Now will you be my wife?"

When Frank West went home that night he was as happy as mortal can be. His plans for life were all laid, and he had placed all the scenes of his future in a warm sunlight.

"Then you have really consented to become his wife?" said Lydia, after Nellie had told her the result of the interview of the preceding evening.

"Yes, sister, I have."

"And I think you have done a very foolish thing, Nellie. Since you have discovered that your money was all lost we had hoped you would look out for a more becoming match."

"Since I have discovered it," returned Nellie, with marked emphasis. "What do you mean? Did you know it before?"

"Yes, I knew it two years ago."

"And never told me?"

"Of course not."

"But, Lydia, why should you have kept such an important matter from me?"

"Because," answered the elder sister, "we feared you would be too honest to keep it to yourself. It might have made a vast difference in our prospects, whether we had \$10,000 each, or had nothing. We hoped to see you marry with a wealthy husband, and you wouldn't have missed the money you had lost."

"And do you think this was right?" asked Nellie with a look of concern.

"It is deception, and can only lead to evil."

"There you go," exclaimed Lydia.

"Just as I supposed. You will never succeed in playing the game of life. You will show your hand at every start."

"I have no wish to me a game of my life," said Nellie, with deep feeling "and those who do so full as apt to lose as they are to win. I had much rather take life, with all its duties and responsibilities as a solemn fact, and try to live it justly and honorably."

"I guess we had better not deal too much in accusations," he said, "for I don't think either of us can claim much charity on that score. We have both of us—perhaps all three of us—played a pretty kind of a game, but it seems we all held losing hands. You were not averse to a little bit of deception for the sake of securing a rich husband; and perhaps I am not free from the same weakness. However, we've made a slight mistake, but the thing's done, and it can't be helped, so we must make the best of it. We had better keep it to ourselves than have it get out. Folks would enjoy it hugely if they knew what a mistake you had made at your game at fortune hunting. All there is about it, we must turn to, now, and work. I am caught, and I will make the best of it; but just let me assure you that I will not submit to any further fault-finding or recrimination."

When Nellie found herself within a comfortable, well-furnished house, and knew that it was her own, and that her husband was wealthy, she sank upon his bosom and wept in her joyful gratitude. She tried to chide him for having deceived her, but very soon he convinced her that he had not deceived her at all.

"This blissful hour," he cried, "has been my goal for years. Through all the weary seasons of toil I have been sustained by the hope that in the end this fair hand should be mine; and not a joy has my wealth promised me that did not look to you as a sharer in it."

Nellie believed him, and she was happy—happy as she deserved to be—happy as only pure hearts can be.

Frank went into business, and he hired his cousin Sidney for a bookkeeper, and paid him a good salary. Lydia had come to her senses, and when her mother went to live with Nellie she resolved that she would make the best of the estate which had fallen to her lot, though she will never cease to regret, during the moments when the old thoughts of fashionable life come over her, the slight instance she made in playing her Game of Life.

To Remove Mildew from Linen.—Rub it over with soap; then scrape fine chalk or whitening and rub on. Lay it in the sun, and wet it from time to time; if not removed, repeat the process. Lemon juice and salt is also good.

Another.—Boil half an hour, add sliced apples, raisins, currants, or lemon peel, with butter, sugar and salt to suit the taste.

General Dealer in

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors,

Mouldings Window Glass.

BUILDING MATERIAL

of all kinds.

BISMARCK, D.T.

JOHN P. DUNN CASH O. DUN

## THE CIRCUS FOR ME.

The Bill Cole  
Is a jolly old soul—  
A jolly old soul was he,  
And we all must go  
To see the mammoth show,  
For he lets the boys in free,

Tis now along the highways  
The robins gayly flute,  
An in the orchard byway  
The cabbages take root.

Tis now the chief musician  
'Round the cottage is the wren;  
Tis now the fruit  
Of the merry-hearted hen  
Wakes joy in the bosom of Ann Maria  
Who scills eggs.

A teacher who taught in St. Paul,  
One evening went out to a ball,  
Then she told the trustees  
"I'll do just as I please."  
And she lost her position, that's all.  
—Syracuse Times.

An infant was born in Nyack,  
Whose body was totally black  
As a dozen silk hats.  
Or a stack of black cats,  
And its face was as black as its back.  
—Syracuse Times

God bless the girls,  
Whose golden curls  
Are not what they do seem;  
But at the end of day,  
On the bureau lay,  
While their owner sweetly dream.  
—Philadelphia Item

In the spring, the female fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of bonnet,  
With a maze of gimp and ribbons  
And a bunch of feathers on it.  
—St. Louis Times.

Upward and earthward the baseball wings its  
way,  
And boy, get stomach-blows while at the play;  
The new made grave a stone with these words  
shows;  
He failed to catch it—and so out he goes."  
—New York Express.

## ESCAPED THE ROPE.

The Thrilling Appeal Which Saved a Life.  
In a recent case in the Recorder's Court, Attorney J. W. Donovan told the following story, which is, Public Spirit believes, quite new. It hails from Texas:

One hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranch further north, near Helena, Texas, and passing down the banks of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of a dozen mounted Texan Rangers overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

It was before the days of law and court-houses in Texas, and one had better kill five men than to steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at this proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd, and left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely overcome. They consulted apart a few moments, and then told him if he had any explanation to make or business to do, they would allow him ten minutes to do so, and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and commenced: "How many of you have wives? Two or three nodded. "How many of you have children?" They nodded again.

Then I know who I'm talking to, and you'll hear me." And he continued: I never stole any cattle; I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from New Hampshire; I failed there in the fall of '57, during the panic: I have been saving; I have lived on hard fare; I have slept on the ground; I have no home here; my family remain East, for I go from place to place; these clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard looking customer; but this is a hard country; days seem like months to me, and months like years. married men, you know but that for the letters from home here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife—"I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment.

"I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good mother gave me me, here is my little girl's picture." And he kissed it tenderly, and continued: "Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle when I'm dead. Can't you send half the value? my family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right there!" said a rough ranger. "Now, I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand, old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free; but you're lucky, mind ye."

"We'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt; "let's buy his cattle here, and let him go."

They did; and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest stage-route, and, as they shook hands and bade him good-by, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw.

A nut once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bed-room, but stepped on the nut, which in breaking cracked loud enough to wake the count, and the mur-

derer fled. Who would say that all this was mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside the nut or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of the dozen things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.

## THE FARM AND HOUSE.

To Remove Mildew.—Pour a quart of boiling water on two ounces of chloride of lime; then add three quarts of cold water, and soak the linen in it twelve hours. This is preferable to any other recipe that I have ever seen.

French feeders, it is said, find that feeding the fowls with boiled or steamed carrots, chopped into small pieces, rapidly fattens them and imparts an agreeable flavor to the flesh, greatly relished by epicures, and the fowls thus fed sell more readily than others.

Fricassee Chicken, with Green Corn.—Cut the green corn from the cob, put it in the pot, with water enough to cover it, let it stew until it is nearly done; then cut up the chicken, put it with the corn, and let them stew together about half an hour; put in a few whole grains of pepper, with a teacupful of cream or milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour stirred in a lump of butter; add the salt last.

### How to Choose Eggs.

The selection of fresh eggs at this time of the year is one of the problems that puzzle the average housekeeper. A perfect test, which may always be relied upon, will be found in touching with the tongue the large end of the egg. If the egg is good there will be a point plainly felt by the tongue. If it is not there, no matter how nice the egg looks, it is safe not to take it."

### Choosing Gloves.

At this season, in the closing out sales of lots of gloves, ladies should exercise care in their selections, particularly in lace threads, which can be tried on before purchasing, and consequently have perhaps been tried on a great many times.

What shoppers had better do is to try on both gloves carefully before purchasing, and so insure getting good fits and perfect gloves. More than once of late the tantalizing experience has come home to purchasers that a pair of gloves, looking in all respects alike, were totally different in size, and where they failed to try on both before leaving the counter, found that only one of the pair could be worn with comfort or satisfaction.

A Dozen Good Things Worth Knowing.  
That salt fish are best and quickest freshened by soaking in sour milk.  
That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool, over night.  
That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping them in water at boiling heat about a minute.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine in the boiler with your clothes will aid the whitening process.

That kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them pliable as new.

That salt will card new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added till the dish is prepared.

That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use by stirring in a little soda.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and fruit stains. Pour the water through the stains and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric.

That kerosene will make the tea kettle as bright as new. Saturate a linen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clear varnished furniture.

### The Hair We Wear.

The South of France and Brittany contribute to the human hair market the largest amount of the black. The other each year agents of the Parisian wholesale houses go to gather an average crop of more than two thousand pounds weight. From one to five frames is about the usual price of a head of hair. The dealers go provided with ribbons, silks, laces and jewelry which they often succeed in exchanging for black or golden tresses. They attend all the fairs and merry-makings, and at a Breton fair may be seen a number of them surrounded by peasant girls, ready to be sheared like sheep as they stand in a row one after another with their caps in their hands ready for the scissors, and their long hair combed out and falling like a veil about them. Sometimes it is a man and sometimes a woman who cuts off the hair.

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LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

Geo. P. Flannery is in St. Paul on business.

Wm. Pye's 4th of July potatoes are very fine.

There is a telephone between Fargo and Moorhead.

The coal banks above Stevenson are burning up.

Conductor Law has located with his family in St. Paul.

A. W. Edwards' financial interest in the Fargo *Republican* has ceased.

Ludwig's new store, in the Malloy block, is arranged very nicely.

General Manager Sargent and Supt. Towne are on the west side to-day.

The Lake City *Leader* publishes two columns on Bismarck. It is a just tribute to the coming city.

W. J. Ives, the butter man, is in town. He is not losing anything by the rise in the Deadwood market.

A palace car of rich sportsmen from Chicago and N. Y. came in yesterday and returned this morning.

The seventeen hundred head of Montana cattle have arrived and will be loaded in Mandan for Chicago.

H. M. Mixter has again taken hold the lines at his old stand on 4th St. As a blacksmith Mr. Mixter is hard to beat.

N. B. Perkins of Mich., has bought the Indian trade ship at Standing Rock from John Thompson, of Dubuque.

Ed Sloan raised some of the finest potatoes ever seen in this country. He had 15 bushel baskets full on eight lots. Who can beat it?

The Northwestern telegraph company's office in Bismarck did a business of \$2,000 for September. That means twenty thousand for the year.

The first trestle bridge over Apple Creek, five miles east of Bismarck, was burned Sunday night by prairie fire but the trains were not delayed.

The youngest Vincent (not named on the list) lost heavily by the Deadwood fire. About fifty dresses (mostly long) failed to swell the fury of the blaze.

The first oil well put up in Deadwood after the fire was a paint shop, and the second a lawyer's office. Thus do white-wash and soft-soap go hand-in-hand.

Mr. Thos. Weier has opened up the blacksmith shop, formerly run by Daniel Newell, on 4th St., where he hopes to see all his old friends and as many new ones.

James Bellows, the contractor, was arrested on Tuesday and locked up for a minute on the complaint that he had been obtaining labor and property under false pretenses. He waived an examination and gave bail in the sum of \$300.

It was not so. H. G. Newport's rare horses (rare) for which \$3,000 has been paid, the owner's stable will not be complete, however, until "Jalap" has been added to his list of celebrated trotters.—P.S.—Jalap is dead, fell into a ditch.

M. P. Shattuck has a farm in Dakota County, Minn., that gets away with every over rain in that vicinity. He raised this season 1,200 bushels of wheat, 600 bushels of oats and 800 bushels of potatoes. The latter yielding over 200 bushels to the acre.

People are apt to forget that Bismarck crossroads are well occupied with business houses, John Boyle, 39 N. 4th St., carries a very full line of groceries, provisions, etc., having one of the finest stocks in town. He has a good trade, is one of the early settlers of Bismarck and deserves success.

The River.

The Gen. Tompkins, loaded with Ben-ton freight for Cow Island, left yesterday morning.

The Helena is nearly repaired and ready for business.

C. K. Peck has purchased the General Terry.

The Penitentiary is almost ready for work again.

The Eclipse 51 days has not yet passed Butord, and the Col. MacLeod, which left Benton on the 20th of Sept., had not reached Butord last night. The Big Horn, Josepha, Benton, Rose Bud, Butte and Bachelor are above Butord, while the Gen. Sherman is below Butord on her way to Coal Banks.

The Key West is now due at this place from Yankton.

The Western, Black Hills and Far West are running between Yankton and the lower agencies.

The Dartmouth is loading at St. Louis under the auspices of the Anchor Line for New Orleans.

The Missouri will enter the St. Louis and New Orleans trade.

The steamer Benton will leave for Cow Island about the 10th.

A Bargain.

The stock, fixtures and good will of the Head Charter Saloon, corner of Main and Second Streets, will be sold cheap for cash. Apply on the premises.

C. A. Krouse.

Fifty Doz. Ladies' and Misses' Arctic Snow Excluders at W. B. Watson's \$.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all indebted to this firm will be required to make immediate settlement as we intend closing out our stock and leaving the country, and those to whom we are indebted are requested to present their bills for settlement.

HALLETT & KEATING.

Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 1, 1879.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the business of D. L. Bailey & Co., of Bismarck, D. T., has been disposed of to J. A. Emmons. Persons owing the firm or having claims against the same will confer with the subscriber.

J. B. BAILEY.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

M. F. SLATTERY.

12th Street, Bismarck, D. T.

# W. B. WATSON,

## DRY GOODS,

AND

## NOTIONS,

98 MAIN STREET.

## McLEAN & MACNIDER,

## Wholesale

## Grocers.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

## W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

## Druggist and Fancy Goods.

BIM A F E C K, D. T.

## MONTANA MARKET,

Corner Second and Main Streets.

## JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,

DEALERS IN

## FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,

## POULTRY, GAME,

## Batter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and

## Canned Goods.

Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade.

## ASA FISHER,

Wholesale Dealer in

## WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Main St., opp. Sheridan House

Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that after twenty days at the first general meeting of the board of county commissioners of Burleigh County, application will be made to said Board for the laying out of a public high-way from the southeast corner of Block Four, Town 128, Range 80 in a direct easterly direction upon section limits to 17th Street so called.

Bismarck, October 2d, 1879.

STOYELL & BALL,

for petitioners.

19-20

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

WASHINGTON, September 12, 1879.

WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented

to the undersigned it has been made to appear

that THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BISMARCK in the City of Bismarck, in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, authorized to commence the business of Banking and Trading in Section Fifty-one Hundred and Sixty-nine, of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and

seal of office, this 12th day of September, 1879.

Signed J. A. JAY KNOX.

[SEAL] Comptroller of the Currency.

19-25 2324

Grand Raffle.

At Raymond's Hall, Saturday evening, October 4th. Valuable prizes: Carriages, cutters, horses, furniture and cash.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The firm of Pennell & Roberts has this day

been dissolved by mutual consent.

JOSIAH PENNELL,

ROBERT ROBERTS.

Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 1, 1879.

18-20

Notice.

Mr. M. H. Jewell has purchased THE TAVERN

Rooms formerly leased by him, and has been

appointed business agent of J. A. Emmons

and is authorized to contract and collect for the

C. A. Lounsberry,

Publisher.

19-21

Notice.

Mr. F. G. RICH & CO., Portland,

Me., for best Agency Business in the

World. Expenses out of free.

SEND

12-24

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Always on hand.

1879 FALL 1879

## SIG HANAUER,

Proprietor of the well known

## ST. PAUL BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE,

has just returned from the Eastern markets with one of the

Largest and Finest Stocks of Goods

Ever shown to the public of this Western country.

My Stock consists of

Fine Dress Suits,

Fine Walking Suits,

Fine Working Men's Suits,

Fine Business Suits.

YOUTHS', BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

In an Endless Variety, especially for children from 3 to 6 years.

## OVER COATS.

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S.

EVERY ONE NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS FOR

FALL AND WINTER.

I would respectfully call the attention of Messengers and Freighters to a

## Buffalo Over Coat

made especially for my trade.

COME AND SEE IT AND YOU WILL BUY ONE.

## GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

My stock is far superior to anything ever exhibited here, and it is very doubtful if you can look at a better and well selected stock in the Eastern cities.

## HATS AND CAPS.

My stock resembles a city hat store.

COME AND SEE ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON,

and get one of these Nobby Hats made to order

## BOOTS AND SHOES For Gentlemen and Boys.

My assortment is full in all grades of the best manufacturers.

## TRUNKS AND VALISES.

You can find an immense line to select from at Eastern prices.

And now it gives me pleasure to announce that I have, on my recent trip east, procured the agency for the

Largest and most Fashionable Merchant Tailoring House in Chicago, and have now on exhibition an immense line of Samples of Piece Goods of the

## Latest and Finest Designs,

And will take orders for Over Coats, Dress and Business Suits, Vests, Etc., guaranteeing a perfect fit, and superior workmanship, excelling garments delivered by our Traveling Merchant Tailors, at prices at least

## 25 Per Cent. Less than those of any other House.

One single trial of any garment ordered by me will, I am confident, establish my claim and make the traveling merchant tailors reputation gone.

Having sold down my summer stock of clothing so low, I dare say that no larger and better stock in

## Suits and Over Coats

can be found than in my store. Therefore

CALL ON ME WITHOUT FAIL AND GOODS WILL BE SHOWN CHEERFULLY